

Daily Eagle

M. H. MURDOCK, Editor.

Truth, Her Instruments and Victims.

A verdict of not guilty could have been no recompense to the suffering Dreyfus. We are taught, and we instinctively feel a faithful reliance in the eventual triumph of justice; however we may lack in religious beliefs, the basis of all our modern thought and moral conduct is the faith that truth must prevail. To argue otherwise would be to argue the retrogression of mankind.

Right does indeed prevail and truth is triumphant, but truth's workshop is the centuries, and to the individual's eyes but a moment's glance at a small portion of the great mechanism of progress is permitted. Truth is there only partially seen, as through a glass darkly. In history we have a sweeping, comprehensive look at her work, or rather the epochal results of it, and while her successive triumphs stand out palpable, incontrovertible and exhortative, every individual feels that his brother in the centuries past, much as he was a part in the great design of Truth working through justice, in being Truth's instrument was also her victim. The tender Marie Antoinette did not deserve herself the guillotine, but as the type of an aristocracy, centuries old in tyranny and crime, she was sacrificed to the knife. A young woman, foreign to the country which despised her, the degradation she was made to bear at her trial and the public execution were cruel. The crucifixion of the Man of Galilee, to the individual horrible and revolting, even calling from his lips the cry of despair, was the stroke of Truth that battered down the injustice of ages and let the light of right in on the whole world.

A little over a century ago the poor wretch accused of witchcraft and burned, served by her death, added to others, to expose and relegate an absurd superstition, but to her eyes, staring with horror and pain at the flames that licked and curled about her, justice was not there and Truth was a fiction.

In all the wars that have agitated the world and changed it, the individual has given up his life for his country, and whether his country were right or wrong, whether he died on the battlefield or in bed, years after, a veteran, he played his part as a slave to this abstract element of Truth. The poor Ellis never knew, in life, the triumph of Santiago, no more than shall his survivors a hundred years hence know it.

Truth uses us with a careful, but not compassionate, hand. To her potential discipline we must ever bend. We must follow her, and ask nothing, expect no recompense for injuries suffered, nor protest against any sacrifice assigned to us.

Not all prejudiced courts in this world are confined to France. Dreyfus is not the only innocent, unjustly condemned. The army of France is not the only organization blinded by a lie. The juggernaut of the ages passes slowly and crushes. No individual avoids through all his life injustice.

But the demand for justice is within the individual. There is a mighty exaltation in individual homage to Truth, and mighty obedience in following in her track. If that exaltation and obedience is not present of a condition perfected to the demands of the human soul, a condition where Truth no longer works, but stands made, without need of instrument or victim, what then?

The Falling Rate of Population Increase.

The Philadelphia Press discusses the falling birth rate in the United States and the very moderate increase which is quite sure to be shown next year in the population of the country, with a good deal of moderation and intelligence, but in one important respect goes far astray. The fact is important, because the Philadelphia paper says what Americans think and assert about the filling up of the land in which they live.

The Press calls attention to the fact that the birth rate and the rate of increase in population have been falling for a long time and that both are probably lower now than ever before. Immigration has been much lighter in the decade now nearing its close than it was between 1890 and 1899, but the census next June will doubtless prove that another cause has been even more potent in checking the increase of population and rendering inevitable the keen disappointment of enthusiasts who have counted upon finding 77,000,000 or 80,000,000 people in the United States in 1900. The figures are more likely to be under 75,000,000 than above that number.

The chief reason for this condition, of course, is the falling rate of marriages, births and children reaching maturity, in proportion to the whole number of inhabitants. There is good reason to believe that the older American element in the northern states is not increasing at all. Excluding the south, the colored population, and the great part of the total which is composed of the descendants of persons who came to this country less than fifty years ago, the growth of the nation has nearly or quite ceased. It is not without reason, therefore, that the Philadelphia paper referred to predicts that persons now living will see the population of this country as stationary as that of France is today, and that the end of the increase will come at a point very much lower than the limits usually fixed.

It is when our Philadelphia contemporary attempts to account for the great change in the rate of natural increase that it becomes absurd. "The simple fact is," it says, "that the country has filled up. The land is now nearly all taken." Which is to say that there is no more room in the United States for any great number of additional inhabitants.

We have only about twenty-five persons to every square mile of the area of the country, not counting Alaska or any of the new islands. France feeds and easily supports a population of about two hundred to the square mile. The British Isles, including the Scotch Highland wastes, have more than three hundred inhabitants for every square mile of their area. In the state of Ohio the population is almost one hundred to the square mile, and this state can easily produce all the food its people require. Who believes that states like Kentucky and Virginia are crowded or even well filled? They have very large areas still virtually unimproved, and their population is about fifty to the square mile. That ratio would double the population of the United States.

The Passing of John Y. McKane.

John Y. McKane was one of the natural-born leaders of whom the ministers sing, and most of his life was spent at this absorbing business. He reached for votes, for other people's money and for political power and influence. He obtained all he reached after, and one day pulled in a prize he did not expect, though for years he had acted as though he wanted it. He won a striped suit and a certificate entitling him to wear it at Sing Sing for a term of years.

John Y. McKane was a Sunday school superintendent as well as a corrupt politician and defuncting custodian of public money. He was a hypocrite as well as a thief. He stole enough votes to make Cleveland president and defeat Blaine. He never received any particular reward for this larceny, although it was so momentous in its results that it changed the course of history. Grover Cleveland always had a very deep contempt for the Sunday school superintendent whose theft of votes had won him the presidency.

McKane kept on in his evil course until a wave of reform swept over the state. He did not observe the political horizon carefully. Perhaps his uniform success in sailing the sea of dishonest politics had made him careless. Perhaps he was never politically weatherwise. At any rate, he stole more votes. He went to his Sunday school afterwards, but the people would not forgive him. He was arrested, indicted, convicted and sentenced to state prison. His friends fell away from him, as fair-weather friends have a habit of doing, even in the case of honest men. After he was safely in prison his accounts were examined. It was discovered that he was a defaulter for a large amount. He served his term. Last spring he was restored to citizenship. But he did not live to vote again. Broken in health and spirits, the one-time boss of Gravesend passed away the other night, and even the beneficiaries of his crimes against the elective franchise say they have no pity for him.

A Gallant Antagonist.

Sir Thomas Lipton, owner of the Shamrock and contestant for the America's cup, is a gallant sportsman and a thorough gentleman. He has come to our shores to capture the famous cup if possible, and he will spare no legitimate pains or expense to achieve the victory he is set upon winning. His reception when he landed was all that the most exacting stickler for international courtesy could expect. Hundreds gathered to greet him, and he was assured on every hand that he was "all right." The reception accorded him touched Sir Thomas deeply, and he said that he should be almost sorry to take the cup away from such courteous antagonists as the Americans evidently are.

The owner of the Shamrock inquired if the Americans are in the habit of greeting contestants for the America's cup so warmly. He was assured that they had no fixed habits in that direction, but welcomed Englishmen seeking the trophy according to their reputation for sportsmanship and gameness. Sir Thomas Lipton must have been greatly pleased with the answer, for it is evident that he is regarded with honest, sincere admiration in this country and that the public would much rather see the cup lost to him than any of his predecessors who have sought to win it.

Prosperity Not Alone in Kansas.

The address of Mr. Russell, the president of the American Bankers' association, delivered at the meeting at Cleveland, contained some remarkable statements concerning the development of banking in the west. In the state of Michigan, for example, there were in 1899 national banks to the number of 60, state banks numbering 185, and three trust companies. During the year ending with June the deposits in these banks increased nearly \$21,000,000, over \$3,000,000 being deposited in savings banks. During the six months from January to July the deposits rose from \$128,000,000 to over \$140,000,000, or nearly \$12,000,000. This rate of increase, the president thought, had taken place throughout the great states of the west, and it explains the fact that interest rates have recently been lower in central and far western cities than in New York. This year, Mr. Russell maintained, and probably for the future, eastern capital will not be needed to "move the crops." It has been supposed that cash rather than credit was required for this purpose, and it will be instructive to watch the movements of currency during the autumn months.

President Loubet Prepared.

The French government is preparing for emergencies. Regiments of soldiers have been stationed in easy striking distance of Rennes. President Loubet has issued a decree convening the French senate as a high court on the 15th inst. President Loubet is thoroughly devoted to the republic and he is determined that it shall not be injured while he is in office. He has taken elaborate precautions against a popular outbreak at the conclusion of the Dreyfus trial, and he will put down any disorder that may occur without any hesitancy. The president of France evidently is a sincere patriot and he has the best interests of his country at heart. It will be hopeless for the Royalists to attempt to overthrow the republic while he is in power. He will repress them rigorously and without hesitation whenever they attempt a violent demonstration.

Monter Guerrin is still barricaded in his house in Paris. The police think all his provisions have been cut off for weeks, but the chances are that somebody is shooting him soup through the speaking tube.

"Heavens!" exclaimed M. Smith, Dreyfusard, to M. Jones, anti-Dreyfusard, in Paris yesterday. "Why don't they hurry with that verdict? We can't tell which of us is to riot until we hear it."

Tauric acid, which makes all metals except one, as pliable as putty when applied, has been discovered. It will interest those in jail to know that the one metal it will not affect is iron.

Emperor William says that Germany's safety lies in the princes and the armies they lead. William weeps scalding tears whenever he imagines a German army bereft of its princes.

The trouble is that Jouanist from the first has believed that every truth put forward for Dreyfus was a painted lie, and every lie testified to against him was the innocent truth.

There is nothing suspicious about John R. McLean except the fact that he owns a newspaper and has about \$100,000, and the newspaper didn't get it away from him.

Colonel Jouanist has shown the contemptible labor that no man can come into his court and claim a man is innocent when, for the good of the army, he ought to be guilty.

Women are being barred out of the departments in Washington, and their places given to men. The women don't happen to carry votes around with them.

Rennes was a town when Rome occupied Gaul. After nineteen centuries it bobbed up out of oblivion, and this week it will bob down out of sight again.

By his chase of the Filipinos and his annexation of the Sultan of Sulu McKinley is laying himself open to the charge of having a bare-knuckled policy.

The time has arrived when the French gendarme has to stand up and interrupt in their wild flight all the dead cats, brickbats and paving stones in Paris.

As Dewey will not talk, and as he is to receive ovations without number, we are probably about to be introduced to the Dewey smile and the Dewey bow.

It is said that Queen Victoria will not permit Great Britain to go to war with the Boers. Paul Kruger will always believe he did it with his Bible.

There can be no denying that the success of Paul Kruger's continued bluffing is lessening our admiration for ex-Secretary of State Olney.

The chances are that if Chamberlain and Oom Paul would both take their bluffs and skim the froth off there wouldn't be much left.

The French general staff didn't like Dreyfus' appearance. It was for that reason they worked so hard for his disappearance.

A war in the Transvaal would greatly increase the price of diamonds. No doubt the money power will step in and stop it.

Speech by Emperor William at Karlsruhe: "I raise my glass to myself. I am not stuff. Heh! Heh! Heh!"

Up to date no soap trust has been formed, but even if one is, soap will always remain cheaper than dirt.

It brought before him a legal war, that man Jouanist would even sustain the East Main fraud.

In its second round with the French army truth was crushed to earth again.

The Sweet-Scented Manuscript.

"Yet ah, that spring should vanish with the rose,
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!"

—Omar Khayyam.

Always did not assist in the party; there were so many women who had once been quite young.

Alan arrived. He was the new doctor who had bought out himself's practice. For a brief throbbing period church work ceased to be all engrossing to certain of the congregation from whose waiting hearts all hope had not yet faded, as leaves on the doxy of summer, for whom all possibilities were not yet ended.

But from the beginning Oakwood saw only Always. He loved her devotedly when first he beheld her one May evening, in the old church sitting in an over-crowded pew and dressed in black (a shabby black if he had noticed), with radiant eyes fixed, it seemed to him, on the stained window above the altar. It was a poor specimen of a stained window, sentimental as the old church was, and the sentimentality of a pale, dirty sea. The half-trained choir dressed with their own accent "Owly, Owly, Owly!"

The schoolmaster blundered on the pedals as usual. He was a young girl, rap as some virgin visionary of old time; for himself he had come only to be seen—which is necessary to the country doctor.

Love grew like flowers in the sunshine. They were intensely happy and Always' parents were pleased. It was a complete relief to them, for the child was delicate and by nature unfitted to do battle.

And so the early summer passed, a glad procession of quickly speeding days. And the joy in their hearts was overwhelming, so that they marvelled at their own happiness; it was perfect.

But the time was short. For one day a bird of fate rode along the Northbank road, to an urgent case of diphtheria in a house beyond the town, he met the gypsy caravan creaking slowly along the road to Hildon Fair. His quick old eyes saw a white horse and a rider who came when the yellow-painted van drew near, the warm smell of the bear's pelt and the low vibrating growl sent "Bruco" mad with panic. There was no holding him; half a mile further on he crashed down the road, and the rider was killed instantly. Alan was carried back to Hildon.

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